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It was raining, but none of us seemed to notice or care. We arrived at Elkdale Church Cemetery and looked over the building. DWP and John found a way to get into the Church: through the basement and up through the heating ducts. Leave it to John. He proudly opened the front of the church, i.e., the front door of the church, and invited us in. We ducked in and did the tour of the building and looked through the book case for any papers of historical interest. The church was clean and dry and has some astounding furniture in it: made in Carbondale, plus a deacon's bench and an ancient chair. All in excellent condition and just sitting there. We looked over the building and took our leave, carefully locking the front door as we left. I would like to live in Elkdale Church, perhaps I can buy the building from its present owner. Who would be the person to ask. Once in the cemetery, we three began our sacred mission: straightening up the McAlla/Gillespie/Bruce/Russell stones. We had to stop our work at one point because of the rain, and we stood under umbrellas under the trees at the top end of the Cemetery. We had a grand time straightening the stones and did our holy work with great dispatch and efficiency. We decided that the Christiana Bruce stone should be repaired. At first, John said that he could do it, and so we put the stone, in three pieces, in the trunk. After having done the tour of the Cemetery, I placed some American flags on a few graves, not all of the graves in question were veterans but some of them were, and I felt very good in doing so. I placed one on the grave of John Russell. As we were driving into Clifford, DWP suggested, and wisely so, that we take the broken Bruce stone to a cemetery stone place and have it repaired. His reasoning: if we take it to Box 29 and put it in the garage, it will never get fixed. If we're going to fix it, let's take it right now to whomever is going to fix it. Excellent idea. I said that there was a place in Forest City (Konchar's) that advertises in every issue of the Carbondale NEWS and so off to Forest City we went. We found Konchar's without any difficulty and the owner was very sympathetic to our cause and we carried the stone into his shop. He was pleased to learn that we had come to him because of his ad in the NEWS and he kept referring to the stone of Christiana Bruce as a "colonial tablet" and that was nice. He had the appropriate attitude of respect for such a sacred monument. He estimated that the repair cost would be about \$30.00. I wouldn't have been shocked if he had said that the repair would cost four times that. The stone will be cleaned at the same time. I should look quite splendid. When we were giving names and such for billing purposes, Mr. Konchar said something like: "You're Robert Powell from the Carbondale City Hall restoration project?" and it was very pleasant to be known by someone out of town, as it were. We had a chuckle about the fact that I, and the City Hall project, are getting around in the popular consciousness. After dropping off Christiana Bruce in Forest City, we drove into Carbondale and went to Mister Donut for refreshments, at the conclusion of which, we dropped John off at 46 Canaan and went home. I watched Wall Street Week with WSP and at 9:15 went and picked up WBW in Carbondale; I drove him down to 8th avenue and up Main Street and he instantly appreciated how nice the clock looks at night. HLRP and WSP were up when we got home and we must have eaten, although I can't at the moment think of what we ate. Yes I can. It was meat loaf: two of them. No, HLRP and WSP had withdrawn and were not up. We three (DWP, WBW and I) ate almost both meat loaves and other goodies and then withdrew. WBW in the circasian maple bedroom, SRP in the room adjacent, DWP in the little room at the top of the stairs: Mary Emma's room. I slept well, surprisingly: Saturday was hectic. On Friday after our Mister Donut stop, we went to the Post Office and checked the boxes and called Kurt and asked if I could borrow his D&H and Canal books and he said yes and we dashed over the mountain and stopped at Ference's (both are JVB's uncles) and we took a look at their Gravity Car No. 33 and made a very fast visit to Kurt's and drove back to 46 Canaan Street and dropped John off.

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On Saturday morning, John Revak called to say that he had spoken with John Kiefer and that 2 P.M. would be fine for a visit. WBW was up early, as was I, and WBW did his morning running on the Schust road; his Tai Chi exercises on the lawn by the artesian well. I noted that WSP had bought me a tray of mari-golds for my cemetery distribution. Very nice of him; he knew I put them around last year and so he bought me some this year. When I woke up the house was already beginning to smell like roast pork and that was what we had for lunch at noon: very nice, and with rhubarb pie as well. Naturally we all over-ate. How could we resist. At 2 P.M. we arrived at Kiefers: John Revak and John Buberniak arrived at the Homestead shortly before two P.M. and they came into the Club Room and I ushered them from the Club Room into the kitchen and we got ourselves ready and were on our way in time to be at Kiefer's at 2 P.M. We all went in the Powell chariot, DWP at the wheel. We arrived at Kiefer's and he ask DWP to re-park the car, it was not exactly where he wanted it to be parked. He wanted it in closer to the fence. He is a very particular man and everything has to be just so, and that was the impression that he made even before we arrived inside of what can only be called a museum. Introductions were made and he knows WSP and HLRP. HLRP and Mrs. Kiefer were classmates in high school. We examined Kiefer's extraordinary collection: a staggering amount and variety of railroadiana, everything from parts of rails to menus and everything in between, including a caboose on rails in his back yard. Several hundred pieces of Dorflinger railroad crystal, lanterns, silver, maps, lanterns, benches and on and on. John Revak inquired as to the price of a Gravity Railroad lantern and the price was \$500 and Revak was a bit upset. He really wanted to buy it and had \$200 in his pocket to do so. We stayed at Kiefer's for about an hour and then returned to Box 29 where we regrouped before setting out for our walk on the Gravity roadbed. We went in two cars; John Revak took his car from the Homestead and we all met at White's Crossing, where we set out on our Gravity Railroad walk. Very, very nice. DWP and WBW taking pictures all the way. JVB was in his element: he was acting as tour guide and having a wonderful time. We all indulged his desire to be a leader and he proudly showed us all the sights. We collected up many bits of iron and spikes and such. DWP, WBW and Revak were very impressed with Shepherd's Crook and Panther's Bluff. I spoke with DWP today (June 8) and he said the color slides that he took turned out beautifully and that is terrific, for JVB and I will use the slides for the Gravity talk that we will give in August. WBW reported to me yesterday (June 7, 1982) that a few of his photographs turned out very well and that I can have them. Excellent. We five retrieved a D&H property post from the wilderness and carried it back to John Buberniak's house, actually we carried it back to the car and then drove it to JVB's. The carrying out process was very funny. Two abreast in two teams, each team holding a tree limb and the marker/obelisk perpendicular to the tree limbs. WBW walked along and DWP and I were the back team and the two Johns were the front team. We joked and laughed and carried our sacred relic from the depths of the woods. We parked it at John's garage door where other railroadiana is piled. The Gravity walk lasted two or three hours, and after we deposited our relic at JVB's we all drove out to the Homestead to call Kurt to see if he was at home. No, said Mrs. Hartford Reed and so the two Johns went on their way back to Carbondale. WBW and I had something to eat. WBW, DWP and I took an early evening walk on the golf course and it was very beautiful, very beautiful indeed. Greenness in the extreme. I watched TV with HLRP and WSP; WBW went to bed early; DWP was upstairs. Very quiet and tranquil evening. On Sunday morning we were all up fairly early, and DWP suggested we go to the Circle Flea Market before luncheon, which is what WBW, DWP and I did. Largely junk, although DWP did find a few photographs and WBW did